





WEB COMIC
UNIVERSE.COM

NATIONAL

JULY
No.1

COMICS

10¢

Starring
UNCLE SAM
AMERICA'S
GREATEST
COMIC
CHARACTER



MERLIN
THE
MAGICIAN

**WONDER
BOY**

**PAUL
BUNYAN**

CYCLONE
SPACE
PIONEER

**THE
KID
PATROL**

FELLOWS, HERE'S YOUR BIKE!



There was a boy in our town
And he was wondrous wise,
He bought himself a Schwinn-Built bike
And showed the other guys!



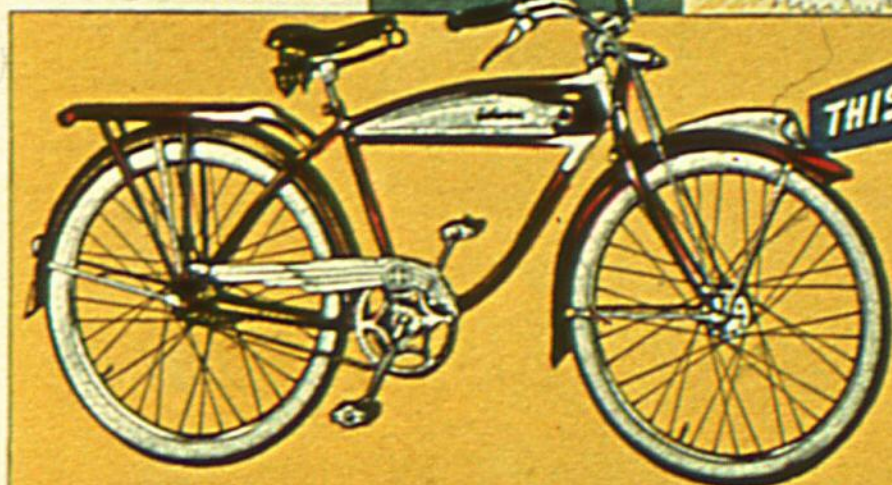
With Schwinn's exclusive Free-Wheel Brake
And Rear Expander, too,
It was the very safest bike
That his gang ever knew.



In spite of all its beauty,
He never knew theft's sorrow,
Protected by Schwinn's Cyclolock
No one but friends could borrow.



And so, because a Schwinn-Built bike
Will never let you down,
Just take your choice and you will be
The leader in your town.



THIS IS IT!

Boy! What a bike! Just think
what the gang will say when you
spring this one on them!

And here's how! Get the
Schwinn-Built Bicycle Buyers'
Guide and show it to Dad! Pic-
tures galore, in natural color! 24
pages of reasons why you should
have a Schwinn-Built bike! Mail
coupon for free copy of this valu-
able booklet TODAY!

ARNOLD, SCHWINN & CO., CHICAGO

MAIL THIS COUPON
FOR
ILLUSTRATED **FREE** Booklet

ARNOLD, SCHWINN & CO.,
1130 N. Kildare, Chicago, Ill.

Please send my copy of the 1940 illustrated FREE booklet
about Schwinn-Built Lifetime Guaranteed Bicycles.

Name.....

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UNCLE SAM

by WM EISNER

IN 1776, AS A NEW, BUT TATTERED FLAG WAS HOISTED OVER THE THIRTEEN FREE STATES, A NEW SPIRIT WAS BORN. A SPIRIT THAT GREW UNTIL 48 STATES BECAME UNITED UNDER ONE FLAG.



PLEASED WHEN THE NORTH AND SOUTH FINALLY SETTLED THEIR DIFFERENCES AND THE STATES WERE AGAIN UNITED.



AND ONCE AGAIN, 21 YEARS AFTER AMERICANS HAD SHED THEIR BLOOD, SO THAT A SYSTEM OF GOVERNMENT, OFFERING FREEDOM, EQUALITY AND THE PURSUIT OF HAPPINESS, MIGHT BE PRESERVED, THE FORCES OF EVIL, GREED, INTOLERANCE AND CRIME, THREATEN THE VERY IDEAL OUT OF WHICH AMERICA'S GREATEST CHARACTER WAS BORN.



OUT OF THIS SPIRIT, LIKE A GUIDING FATHER, CAME UNCLE SAM, AS AMERICANS FONDLY NAMED HIM, TO WATCH OVER THE DESTINIES OF GROWING AMERICA...

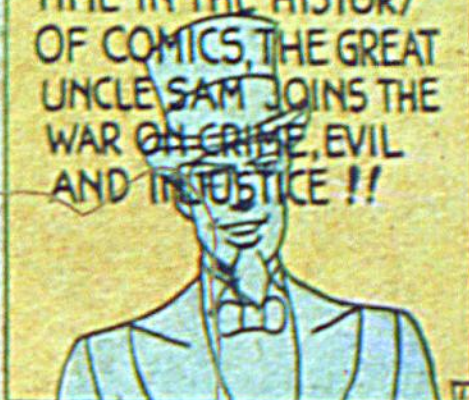


HE CARRIED THE FLAG IN THE CIVIL WAR.

IN THE TRENCHES IN 1917, FIGHTING TO PRESERVE THE PRINCIPLES OF DEMOCRACY.



NOW, FOR THE FIRST TIME IN THE HISTORY OF COMICS, THE GREAT UNCLE SAM JOINS THE WAR ON CRIME, EVIL AND INJUSTICE!!



WITH THE DRAMATIC TERROR OF AN APPROACHING STORM, THE GRIM HARVEST OF AN OVERWORKED SOIL, DESCENDS UPON THE FARMERS OF THE UNITED STATES. DUST-STORMS ANNOUNCING WITH IMPLACABLE FINALITY THAT THE DRY SOIL WILL NO LONGER YIELD. IN GREAT ROLLING CLOUDS, THE PARCHED EARTH SHIFTS ACROSS THE ONCE FERTILE VALLEYS OF THE MID-WEST.

FARMERS ABANDON THEIR WORTHLESS FARMS. TURN WESTWARD IN SEARCH OF JOBS. ANY JOB, FOR THEY ARE HUNGRY.



ACROSS THE GREAT PLAINS OVER THE ROCKIES, LIKE A MIGHTY INVASION, THEY DESCEND ON THE MORE FERTILE LANDS OF THE WEST.



BUT OTHER STATES HAVE THEIR UNEMPLOYMENT PROBLEMS TOO. AT THEIR GATES, THE MIGRANTS ARE FORCED TO STOP, KEEP OUT. BUT MORE COME, AND SOON A HUGE CAMP OF HOMELESS, DESTITUTE AMERICANS GATHERS AT THEIR BORDERS.



ON A HIGH LEDGE, OVERLOOKING THE CAMP, THREE MEN SURVEY THE SCENE.

ACCORDING TO MY INFORMATION, THERE SHOULD BE MORE COMING IN A FEW WEEKS!



A SMART MAN COULD USE THAT CROWD—THEY'RE BITTER ENOUGH TO FIGHT FOR ANYONE!

BUT, BOSS, THERE ARE ONLY A FEW OF 'EM!



HEY! I COULD NAME YOU THREE DICTATORS WHO STARTED WITH A FOLLOWING SMALLER THAN THAT! SCAR, THIS IS A SET-UP FOR US!



JOIN THE CAMP! YOU KNOW WHAT TO DO. I'LL GET THE MONEY IN A MONTH, WE SHOULD HAVE A FIRST CLASS FIGHTING OUTFIT! A MARCH ON WASHINGTON AND LAND EL COBRA A DICTATOR!

BUT, BOSS—THAT MEANS KILLINGS, MURDER.



LISTEN, SNYLE, THIS ISN'T PETTY SQUEALING. WE'LL OWN THE UNITED STATES MINT! MORE DOUGH THAN YOU CAN COUNT.



COBRA DRIVES OFF, LEAVING HIS TWO AGENTS TO THEIR WORK.



WITH THE CRAFT OF TRAINED RABBLE ROUSERS, SCAR AND SHYLE SET TO WORK ON THE 'OKIES'.

Dictatorship must replace democracy! Freedom is a farce! Place us in power and America will rule the world!

SOON UNITS OF THE PURPLE SHIRTS APPEAR, LED BY SCAR.

BUT DEMOCRACY HAS A DEFENDER—EZRA SMITH SPEAKS—

Dictatorship will enslave you! Under democracy, you have freedom!



HST-SCAR THE SUCKERS ARE BEGINNING TO LISTEN TO THAT GUY SMITH!

OH YEAH! I'LL TAKE CARE OF HIM!

ONE NIGHT!

BUDDY, MY BOY, IT'S—IT'S REALLY HORRIBLE THAT A GANG LIKE THE PURPLE SHIRTS CAN STIR UP FREE-THINKING AMERICANS TO THE POINT OF GIVING UP THEIR FREEDOM! WE MUST STOP THESE POLITICAL GANG STERS!

THAT'S WHAT YOU THINK, GRANDPA YOU AND YOUR DEMOCRACY ARE THROUGH!



WHY, YOU RAT!

WATCHING FROM OUTSIDE SHYLE SCARED BEYOND REASON, FIRES SMITH DROPS, A SLUG IN HIS BACK.



GOOD WORK, SHYLE, COME ON! NO USE LOOKING FOR THE KID—WE GOTTA SCRAM!



DISCONSOLATELY, THE FRIGHTENED LAD HEADS TOWARD THE DESERT...

UNABLE TO CONTAIN HIMSELF ANY LONGER, HE BURSTS INTO TEARS. SUDDENLY THE SOUND OF SOMEONE WHISTLING.



YANKEE DOODLE



NOW, NOW, LITTLE MAN, YOU'RE NOT REALLY CRYING? MEN! DON'T CRY, YOU KNOW!

TELL YOUR UNCLE SAM ABOUT IT!







BACK TO THE SECRET FORT. WINGS THE KIDNAP PLANE.



INTO AN UNDERGROUND HANGAR THE CRAFT IS LOWERED...



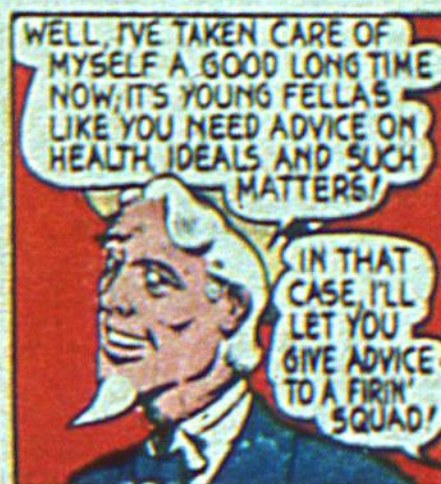
WE MERELY WISHED TO SHOW YOU THE BEGINNING OF A NEW MILITARY POWER. YOUR DEMOCRACY, MR. PRESIDENT IS DOOMED! THOSE MEN ARE TRAINED TROOPERS

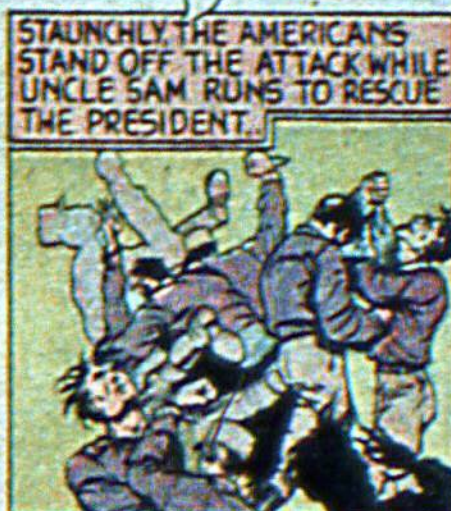


MEANWHILE, UNCLE SAM AND BUDDY SKIM ACROSS THE ROCKIES TO BOX VALLEY.



AT LAST, THEY DISCOVER THE FORT







THE FIRING CEASES. THE AMERICANS HAUL DOWN THE DICTATOR FLAG AND AS OLD GLORY IS RUN UP, THE STRAINS OF THE "STAR SPANGLED BANNER" FLOATS FROM THE FORT.

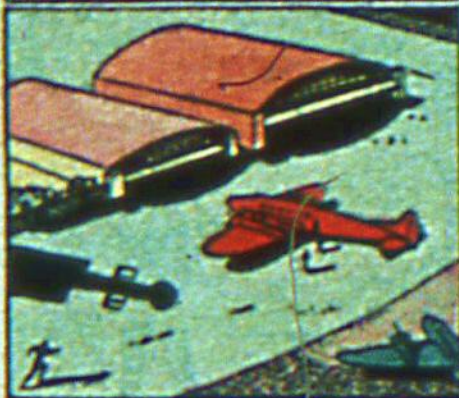


"PROP" POWERS

OUT OF A SUNNY SKY, A TRIM TRANSPORT ROADS TO A LANDING AT THE MODERN NORTH AIRPORT. AMONG ITS PASSENGERS IS ONE, "PROP" POWERS, CRACK AVIATOR RENOWNED THE WORLD OVER FOR HIS SKILL AND DARING IN THE SKIES...

DEATH RIDES THE SKYWAYS, UNTIL A CRACK PILOT TAKES THE STICK AND CRIME GOES INTO A NOSE DIVE...

AS "PROP" IS LEAVING A HUGE TRANSPORT, AN ASSISTANT EXCITEDLY RUSHES UP TO HIM...



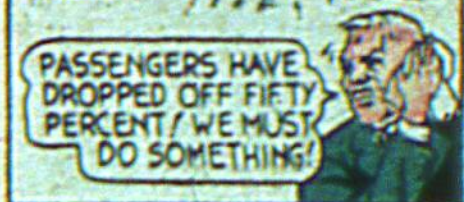
"PROP," ONE OF THE AIR LINERS HAS DISAPPEARED! YOU'RE WANTED AT THE OFFICE!

WH-WHAT? THANKS



Daily Times
3 STRATO LINERS
DISAPPEAR IN 3 DAYS!

PASSENGERS HAVE DROPPED OFF FIFTY PERCENT! WE MUST DO SOMETHING!



SEVERAL MORE PLANES VANISH, AND "PROP" IS AGAIN CALLED TO THE OFFICE.

I WANT YOU TO PILOT THE NEXT SHIP, POWERS!

YES, SIR.



YOU'LL CARRY A FEW PASSENGERS AND A CARGO OF GOLD BULLION!



ARM YOURSELF AND TAKE NO CHANCES! THAT PLANE MUST GO THROUGH!

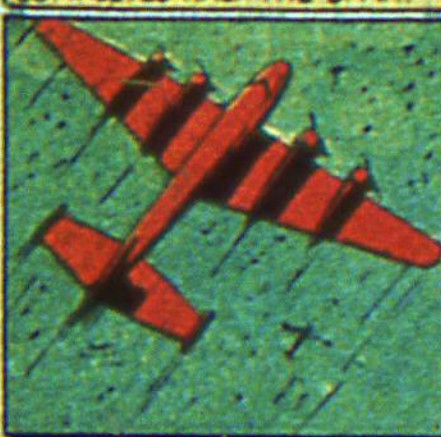
O.K. MR. CREWS!



JUNE DAWN, THE PRETTY HOSTESS MEETS PROP POWERS AT THE PLANE.



QUICKLY THE SUPER LINER COMPLETES HALF THE SPAN.



SUDDENLY, HEAVY CLOUDS LOOM BEFORE THE SPEEDING PLANE.



FROM BEHIND THE MISTS A SINISTER FIGURE AWAILS THEM.



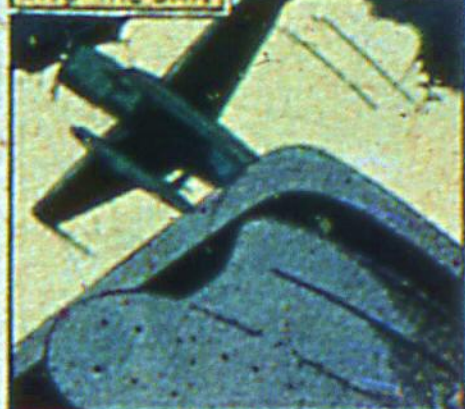
PATIENTLY, HE WAITS INSIDE THE HUGE FLOATING AIRDROME AND SCANS THE HEAVENS WITH POWERFUL GLASSES.



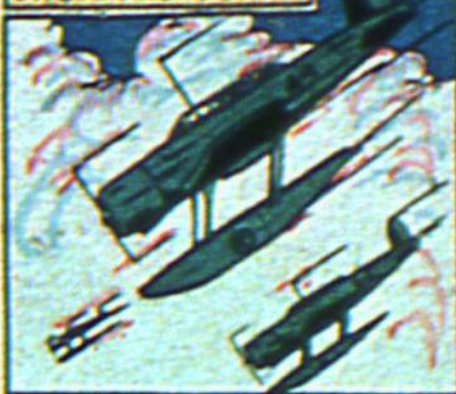
THERE'S THE PLANE!! SEND THE MEN OFF AT ONCE!



SPEEDILY SEVERAL PLANES SOAR INTO THE SKY.



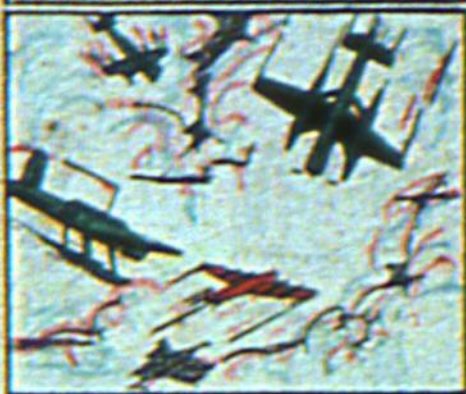
POINTING THEIR SLEEK NOSES
DOWNWARD THE ENEMY PLANES
DIVE AT PROP'S SHIP.



PROP! LOOK!
THOSE PLANES
ARE COMING
RIGHT AT US!



MACHINE GUNS CHATTERING THE
SWIFT CRAFT STRIKES AT THE
PONDEROUS SUPER LINER.



BY A QUICK MANEUVER, PROP ZOOMS HIS SHIP AWAY FROM
THE DEADLY HAIL OF LEAD.



JUNE, LOOK! THERE'S THE
ANSWER TO THE MISSING
PLANES!



SENDING JUNE TO CALM THE
PASSENGERS, PROP CALLS HIS
PILOT.



GRABBING A HEAVY MACHINE
GUN, PROP AIMS AT THE
ATTACKING PLANES...



HERE, YOU! WHAT DO YOU
THINK YOU'RE DOING?!
THERE'S NO TIME FOR THIS
FOOLISHNESS—I HAVE
TO GET TO LONDON!



GET BACK TO YOUR SEAT! IF
WE DON'T STOP THESE BANDITS,
YOU'LL NEVER GET THERE.



WHY, YOU YOUNG—FELLOW
PASSENGERS, ARE WE GOING
TO ALLOW THIS MAN TO
JEOPARDIZE OUR
LIVES???



SPURRED ON BY THE MILLIONAIRE
THE HANDFUL OF PASSENGERS
RUSH AT POWERS.



SNAPPING INTO ACTION, JOAN SILENCES THE SHOUTING MAN WITH A HEAVY BOTTLE.



THE REST OF YOU STAY WHERE YOU ARE! I'M CAPTAIN OF THIS SHIP, AND IF YOU DISOBEY MY ORDERS, I'LL HAVE YOU ARRESTED! NOW SIT DOWN!



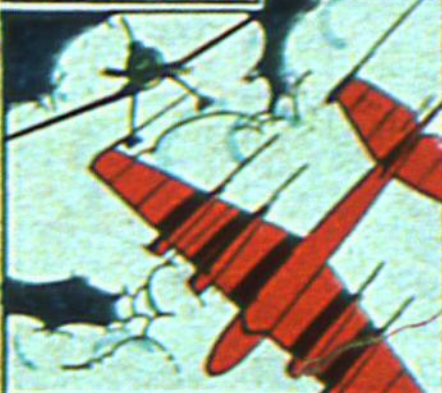
MEANWHILE THE PIRATE PLANES CIRCLE AGAIN AND FIRE ANOTHER BLAST AT THE LINER.



DESPERATELY TWISTING AND TURNING, THE TRANSPORT TRIES TO ESCAPE THE VOLLEY.



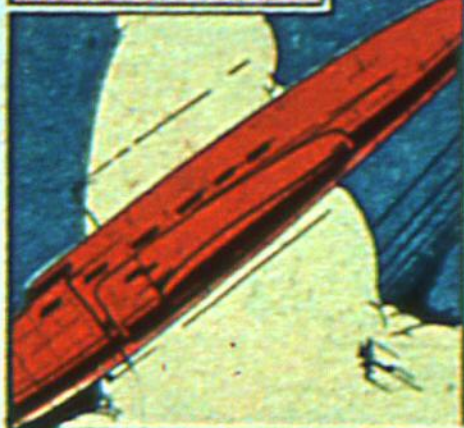
GRABBING THE WHEEL, "PROP" DIVES HIS SHIP.



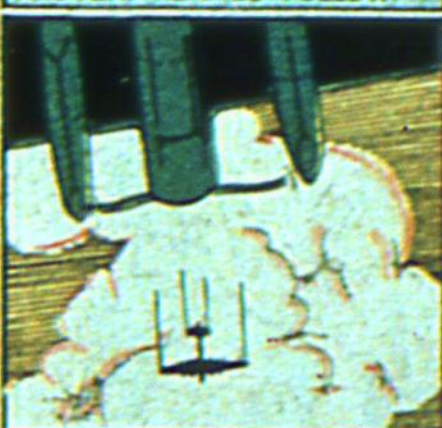
SUDDENLY, THE PORT MOTORS CONK OUT AND A STREAM OF BULLETS RIP THROUGH.



ITS POWER GONE, THE HUGE SHIP DIVES FOR THE SEA.



THEIR GUNS RATTLING, THE MYSTERY PLANES FOLLOW.



TERRIFIED, THE PASSENGERS JUMP UP.



ANXIOUSLY "PROP" FIGHTS THE BUCKING CONTROLS.



JUST AS THE PLANE IS ABOUT TO CRASH... "PROP" MANAGES TO BRING UP THE "NOSE" AND "PANCAKES" THE SHIP.



MEANWHILE, KREESUS RECOVERS AND SHOUTS ANGRILY.



GRACEFULLY COMING INTO A LANDING, THE PIRATES SKIM UP TO POWERS' STRICKEN CRAFT.



THEY'RE COMING ABOARD! YOU PASSENGERS GET TO THE REAR OF THE PLANE, QUICKLY!



SHAMEFACEDLY KREESUS SEES THE TROUBLE HE CAUSED, AND MAKES UP HIS MIND TO HELP.



HIDING AROUND A CORNER, PROP AWAITS THE CROOKS.



PUT UP YOUR HANDS!



BEFORE PROP CAN DISARM THE PIRATE, A HENCHMAN STEALS UP BEHIND HIM.



SPINNING ABOUT, PROP RAMS HIS FIST INTO THE THUG'S FACE.



GALVANIZED INTO ACTION THE MILLIONAIRE KNOCKS OUT THE SECOND GANGSTER WITH HIS SHOE.



AS MORE PIRATES POUR INTO THE PLANE, PROP SUBDUES THEM WITH CRUSHING BLOWS.



METHODICALLY ONE AFTER ANOTHER ARE SENT INTO OBLIVION BY PROP'S POWERS. THAT'S THE LAST OF 'EM!



I'VE GOT TO GET THE GOLD TO THE OTHER PLANES QUICK. GIVE ME A HAND!



IN COLLAPSIBLE RUBBER BOATS, PASSENGERS AND GOLD ARE REMOVED.



WITH THE GOLD DIVIDED BETWEEN TWO OF THE PLANES THEY TAKE OFF. PROP PILOTS ONE, AND HIS CO-PILOT THE OTHER.



LOWERING THE WHEELS OF THE AMPHIBIANS, PROP LANDS AND RUSHES TO THE OFFICE.



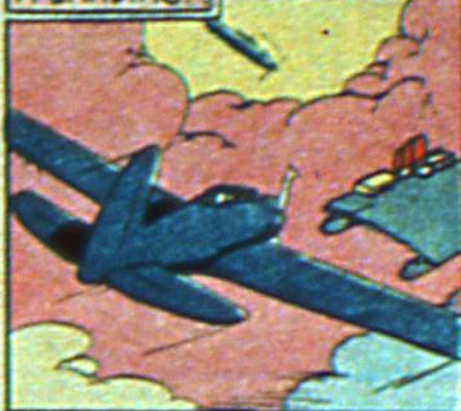
PROP: WHAT HAPPENED? I'LL TELL YOU LATER QUICK! GET ME PLANES AND MEN!



A FEW SECONDS LATER PROP TAKES OFF WITH A SQUADRON OF LIGHT BOMBERS.



LOCATING THE FLOATING FIELD, PROP AND HIS MEN GLIDE TO A LANDING.



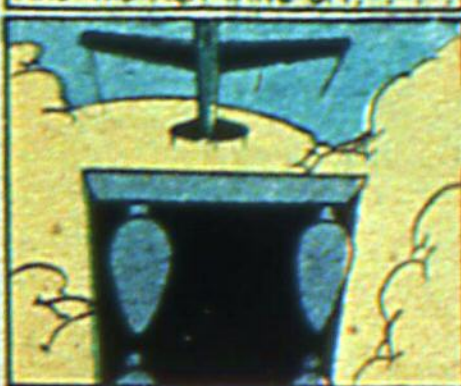
JUMPING OUT THEY SOON OVERCOME THE GUARDS. PROP CORNERS THE LEADER.



YOU'VE DONE YOUR LAST JOB OF STEALING OUR GOLD AND PLANES. ALL RIGHT, FELLOWS, LET'S GET GOING!



AFTER THEY LOAD THEIR PLANES WITH THE STOLEN GOLD, PROP AND HIS MEN TAKE OFF.



DIVING ON THE ABANDONED FLOAT, THEY SEND IT HURTLING DOWN TO DESTRUCTION.



TWO HOURS LATER, PROP IS GREETED BY KREEBUS IN THE LONDON OFFICE.



NEXT MONTH, PROP POWERS FINDS A MYSTERY AIRPLANE PLANT AND... DON'T MISS THE NEXT ISSUE!! 16

SALLY O'NEIL

By
Frank
Kearn



POLICEWOMAN



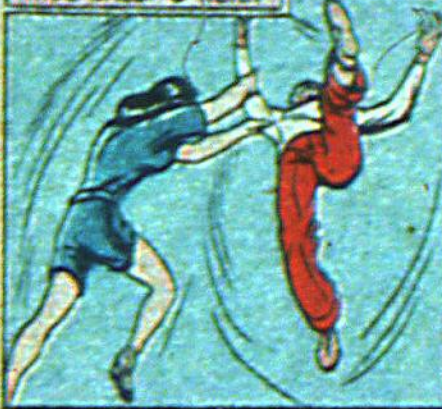
HEY, PAT, THAT'S OUR
LITTLE SISTER! SHE
GRADUATES TO THE
FORCE TOMORROW!

A TWO-TESTED, SHARP-SHOOTIN'
GAL, THIS DAUGHTER OF SERGEANT
ONEIL... WATCH HER MATCH WITS
WITH THE CRUELEST DOGS OF
THE UNDERWORLD.

A BULL'S EYE EVERY TIME! SALLY
PASSES HER TARGET TEST WITH
FLYING COLORS!



JIU-JITSU IS A SNAP FOR BEAU-
TIFUL SALLY O'NEIL!



PROUD AS A PEACOCK, SERGEANT
ONEIL LOOKS OVER HIS 'FORCE'-
PAT, MIKE, TOM, AND NOW SALLY.



COME ON, YOU
FLATFOOTS! MULLIGAN
STEW, TONIGHT!



A REAL IRISH FEAST CELEBRATES
SALLY'S JOINING THE FORCE.



HOPE I DON'T
DEVELOP AN
APPETITE LIKE
MOST COPS!

DON'T WORRY,
THE EXERCISE
WILL KEEP
DOWN YOUR
WEIGHT!

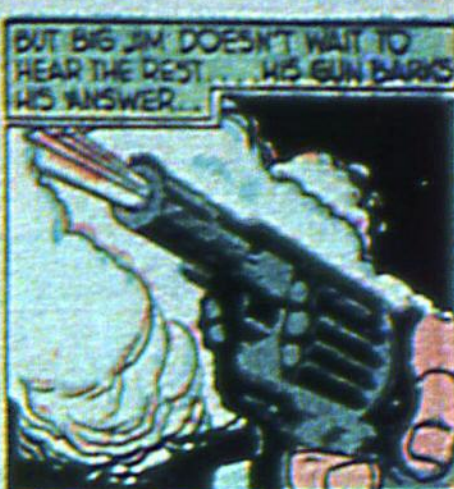
SUDDENLY, THE PHONE RINGS...



O.K., CAPTAIN, I'LL
BE OVER THERE
AT THE STATION
HOUSE IN A
MINUTE!







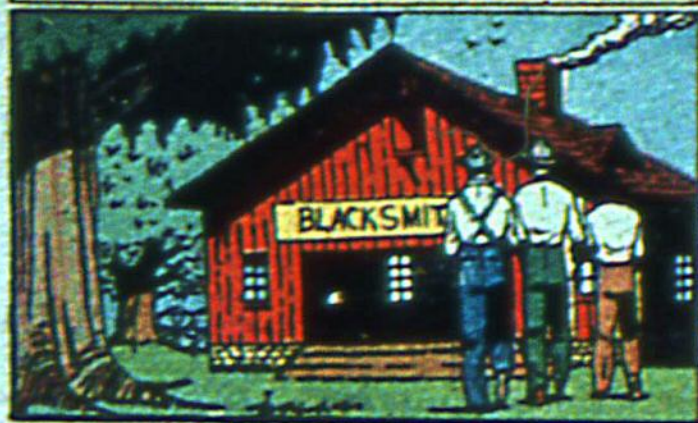
KID DIXON

DANNY "KID" DIXON IS THE FIGHTEST GUY IN JACKSON COUNTY. WHEN HIS DANDERS UP... MEDDLERS AND CROOKS RILE HIM... WELL, DID JA EVER SEE A TORNADO GET GOOD AND MAD?

PEACE AND QUIET REIGN SUPREME OVER THE LITTLE HAMLET OF DARVILLE.



ONLY THE OCCASIONAL CLANG OF A HAMMER OVER AN ANVIL BREAKS THE SILENCE.



UNWELCOME HECKLERS PAY DANNY DIXON A VISIT.

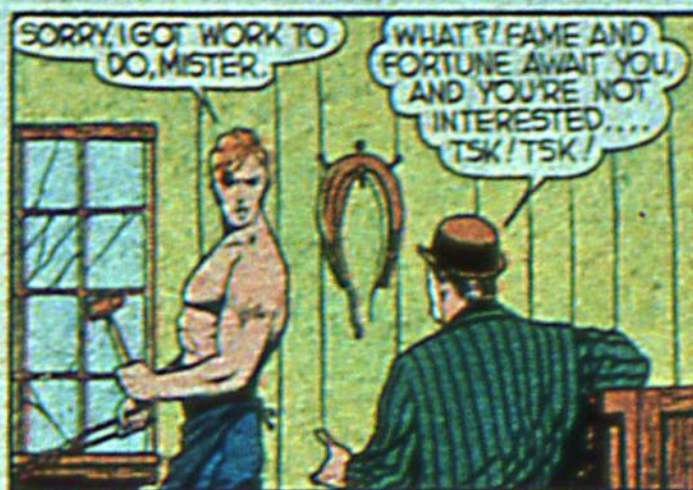


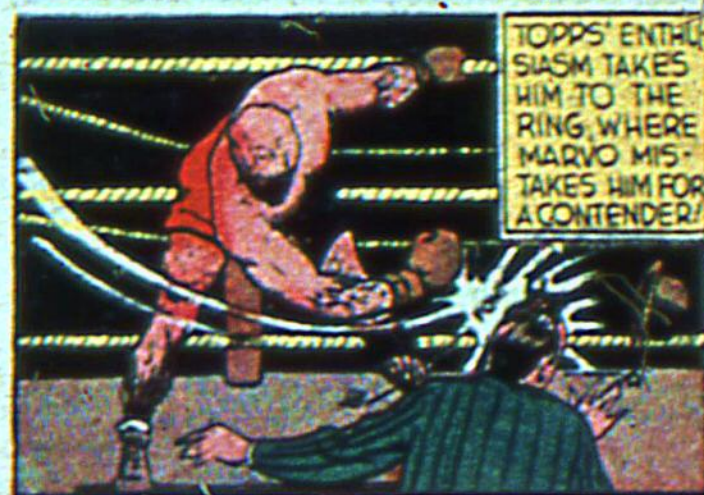
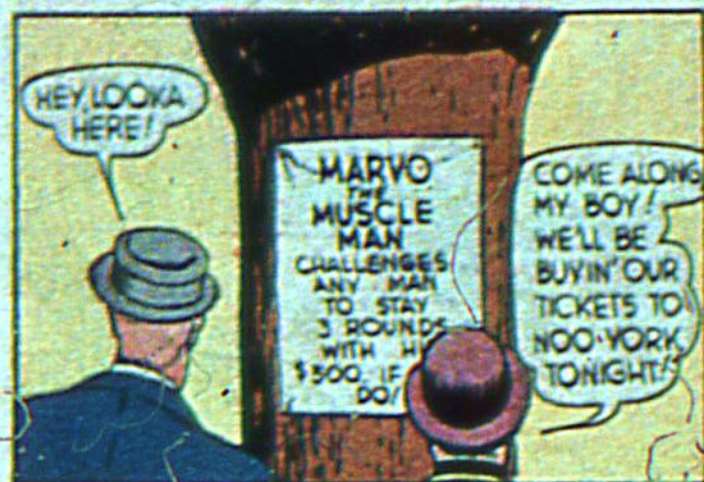
THIS GUY IS NOT OUT FLYING FOR HIS HEALTH.



AND "BUTCH" HERE ISN'T PLAYING LEAP FROG!













BACK IN LONDON WITH HIS STRANGE INHERITANCE, JOCK RETURNS TO THE NIGHT CLUBS TO DROWN HIS SORROWS...



WELL, GIRLS, THIS IS MY GREAT FORTUNE! AN OLD CLOAK BETWEEN ME AND STARVATION!



TSK TSK - THEY DON'T SEEM SO GLAD TO SEE ME NOW THAT I'M FLAT BROKE!



IN AN IRONIC MOOD, HE DONS THE OLD CLOAK AND LEAVES THE CLUB...



SUDDENLY

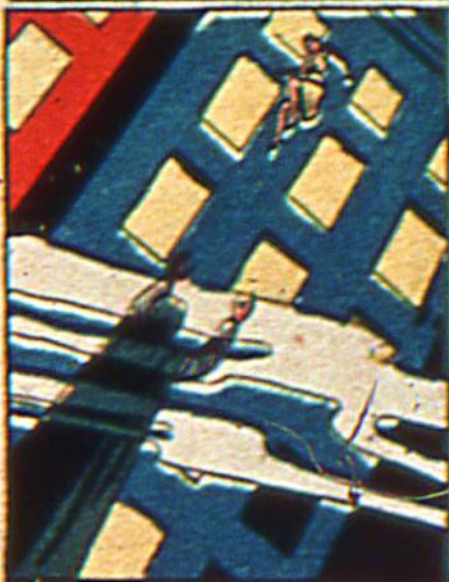


BEFORE HIS EYES, A WOMAN LEAPS FROM A WINDOW!



TO HIS GREAT AMAZEMENT, THE FALLING WOMAN IS SUSPENDED IN MID-AIR.

HARDLY BELIEVING HIS EYES, JOCK TELLS THE WOMAN TO DESCEND SLOWLY - HIS VOICE TREMBLING WITH AWE.



NOW, I UNDERSTAND! HE CALLED ME THE LAST MERLIN! THIS CLOAK GIVES ME HIS MAGICAL POWERS!



MONTHS PASS AND JOCK KELLOGG IS NO LONGER SEEN IN THE NITE SPOTS. SOON SOCIETY FORGETS HIM, AS DISASTROUS NEWS OF WAR DOMINATES THE HEADLINES.



ON THE BLOOD-SOAKED FRONT, A STRANGE HOODED FIGURE APPEARS AMONG THE DEAD AND DYING.



HERE, FRIEND, DRINK! YOU'LL LIVE TO SEE THE END OF ALL THIS USELESS SLAUGHTER-IT CAN'T GO ON MUCH LONGER!



I WON'T LET IT!



UP FROM THE SMOKING RUINS RISES MERLIN.



BURSTING THROUGH THE CLOUDS, MERLIN CONFRONTS MARS, GOD OF WAR AND DESTRUCTION.







BUT, MERLIN QUICKLY THROWS
OFF THE GIANT VILLAIN.



NOW, MARS HIMSELF
BEARS DOWN UPON
MERLIN.



EACH STEP IS LIKE THE CRACK OF
THUNDER, AS THE TERRIBLE WAR
GOD APPROACHES MERLIN.



AT LAST.



NOW THAT YOUR
SWORD IS DESTROYED,
OUR CHANCES
ARE EVEN!

SO YOU
THINK!



ON EARTH AS MERLIN'S CHANCES
OF VICTORY GROW, DIPLOMATS
CALL A SUDDEN CONFERENCE
AT THE HAGUE, WORLD COURT.



THE GREAT STATESMEN OF THE WORLD
ARGUE LONG AS THE BATTLE IN THE
HEAVENS RAGES ON.

THE ARGUMENT SWINGS
TOWARD CONTINUED WAR
AS MARS
GAINS THE
UPPER
HAND!

BUT HEARTY CRIES FOR PEACE
ARE HEARD ON EARTH AS
MERLIN'S MAGICAL STRENGTH
WEARS DOWN MARS.

AT LAST
MARS BEGS
FOR MERCY,
AND...

THE PEACE
IS SIGNED.

IN EVERY CITY, GREAT JOY FILLS
THE STREETS AS MOTHERS,
WIVES AND SWEETHEARTS
GREET THEIR LOVED ONES.

ARMISTICE!

HURRAH!
YIPEE!
WAR IS OVER!
WE CAN GO HOME NOW!!

SOMEWHERE IN FRANCE A
SPEEDING TRAIN SHOOTS
THROUGH A DARK TUNNEL.

IT EMERGES, AND IN ONE OF
THE CARS...

HEY! YOU
WEREN'T
THERE
BEFORE!!

WHY SURE I
WAS - YOU
JUST DIDN'T
SEE ME!

NEXT MONTH MERLIN FIGHTS
IN THE LAND OF THE DEAD!

YANKEE DOODLE BOY

by
Anthony
Lamb

"I got it! Oh, gee, I got it! Now I might just as well be a walking stick of TNT. My life'll be worth half a Nazi butter ration when those guys catch up with me. Boy, oh, boy!"

Jimmy Jones slipped into the shadows of a protecting hedge and watched while a figure came out of the Embassy and angrily summoned a cab. Then, like a young whirlwind, he sped down Pennsylvania Avenue, and a few moments later the sharp click of his racing feet drummed up the steps of the Capitol building. He dropped down in a well-darkened corner and waited for the morning.

Jimmy was a Senate page boy. He was called the Yankee Doodle Boy by all the Senators because—well, because he was so chock-full of good old American fight.

The events leading up to Jimmy's mad chase to the Capitol steps had happened fast and furiously, beginning that morning while Congress was in session, and they were not over yet.

It was when that group of foreigners left the Senate gallery in a body and Jimmy heard a few mumbled words as they passed him that he grew suspicious. They, he knew, had been behind the lobby that was trying to keep the bill allowing the warring countries of Europe to buy munitions from America from passing the Senate. That morning the bill had been passed, and the foreigners had exited in a huff.

"Hey, Corny, tell Senator Johnson I'll be back with his hat in a sec—I've got business to attend to." The Yankee Doodle Boy followed the men down the corridor and made a mental note of the room they

went into. He whizzed down the stairs and along the columned hall till he came to the spot directly beneath the lounge where the foreigners



were gathered. He put his ear up close to the column and listened.

The drone of heavily accented voices came down to him. At first it was hard to understand what was said. But after screwing up his face in an expression of extreme concentration and sticking a finger in his outside ear, he began to understand the words that fell like bombshells in his startled mind.

"Ve cannot allow de sale of munitions to our enemy. So, ve must destroy de source of dese munitions. Yah, dot is it. Tonight I vill have plans for our agents to blow up all de arms factories in America. It must be done at once."

"Tonight? Where will you draw up the plans?"

"Dey vill be at de Embassy at 10 o'clock tonight."

Jimmy heard no more. At that moment a monocled gentleman in a black Homburg stopped before the column and looked at the page boy with a more than quizzical look in his eye.

"Vot is dis? Der post, she is vispering things to you, yah? Let me listen too. I am very interested in vot a post has to say."

Jimmy swung about and tried to make a quick getaway, but the stranger's hand was locked securely in his coat collar and a strong hand glued itself around his mouth.

The next thing he knew, Jimmy was bouncing around on the back seat of a long black car, bound and gagged, and the Capitol was fast receding in the background.

He heard the men in the front discussing him.

"Ve must be careful. A page boy will be missed at the Senate, so ve must not do away with him altogether. It is too dangerous."

"Fritz vill take care of him. Ve vill put him on Fritz's boat until our job is done. After ve leave the country, it von't matter how much he knows."

Fritz's boat was a small motor launch docked several miles down the Potomac River. As it chugged off toward Chesapeake Bay, the Yankee Doodle Boy was very busy in the cabin. But not so anyone would notice it. To Fritz, who grinned through the hatch every once in a while, Jimmy appeared to be lying, curled like a babe in slumber on the bunk. But behind his back, his hands were swiftly working themselves free of the binding (rubbing up and down against a sharp metal spring under the mattress).

It was near evening when Jimmy slid over the side and into the cold water. When Fritz looked back and saw the small head bobbing near the shore, it was too late. His fire missed by yards as he frantically pulled a gun and aimed it at the bank.

Jimmy ducked below the surface and swam under water for several minutes. But soon the cold water began to stiffen his muscles, and his lungs were

ready to burst. He swung ashore behind a clump of low-hanging bushes and made off through a field of tall grass.

"I've gotta get back. I've got to get to the Embassy before 10 o'clock tonight and get those plans." Jimmy ran to the highway and stood in a little pool that flowed from his river-soaked clothes and thumbed a car that sped him toward Washington.

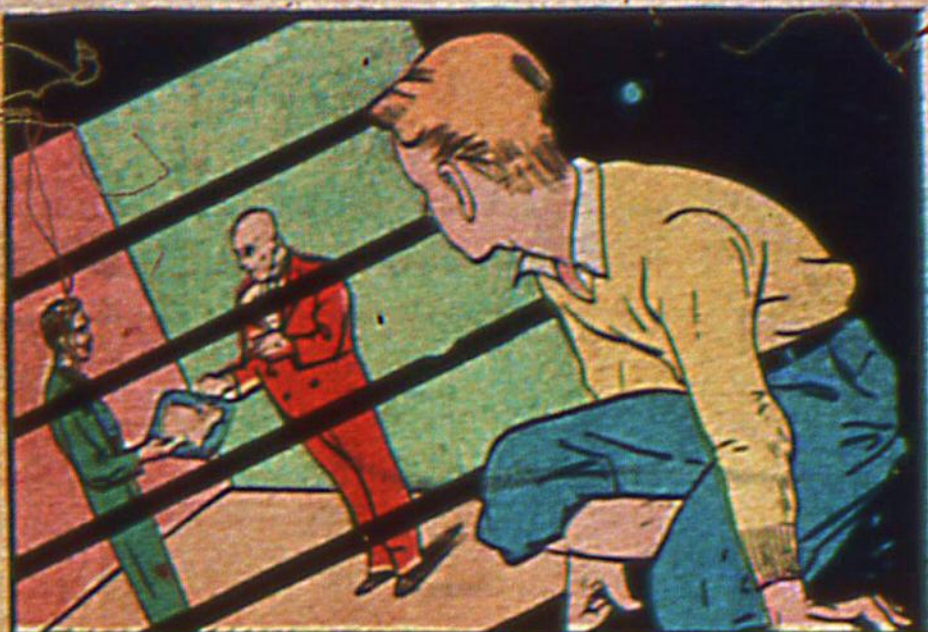
"Swimmin' out of season, aren't you, fella? That's one easy way to get pneumonia. Hey, you're a Senate page, ain'tcha? What's up? What are you doin' out here on the road in that condition?"

Jimmy answered the inquisitive farmer that had picked him up as best he could. His dangerously wet condition made the sympathetic man step down a little harder on the gas to get the boy to warmth and dry clothes. But once in Washington, Jimmy ducked out of the car at the first red light and threw back a hasty "thank you" as the farmer honked wildly for him to come back.

It was dark now and he crept through the back entrance of the Embassy, where he knew the conspirators would convene in a few hours. His clothes had dried considerably in the car, but as he pushed open a cellar window and leapt in, Jimmy welcomed the sight of a glowing furnace.

He stifled a sneeze, and slipped up next to the furnace, standing well in the shadows. For half an hour he stood there till his clothes were thoroughly dry. He wasn't taking any chance of sneezing in the face of danger. This was risky business he was up to.

Suddenly, he noticed an air-conditioning ventilator opening into the wall. It wasn't working at this time of year, and Jimmy dived into the narrow passage that led through the walls of the building and wriggled up to the first floor like a chimney sweep going up the flue. He listened for the heavy foreign voices and crept toward them on his hands and knees. Four streaks of light



cut across the passage as the voices grew louder. Jimmy came upon the opening vents that looked into the richly paneled library, where a stocky, bald-headed man, with the shoulders of a bull, gave orders to an attendant. In his hands he held a document which Jimmy recognized as a map of the United States thoroughly marked, as to time and place of the intended bombings.

How to get that paper? A sudden inspiration turned his worried expression to one of excited relief. He scampered back to the cellar and examined the air-conditioning plant. Now, if he could only—yes, here it was—the switch. Turn it on—fully reverse it and—

A howl from above, brought news of his success. In another moment, a flood of papers fluttered out of the ventilator. Jimmy caught them and with feverish fingers sorted the letters and papers he didn't need till he found the plans. Sticking them well down in his shirt, he leapt out of the window, and morning found him curled on the Capitol steps, fast asleep.

But the figure that Jimmy had seen get into the cab had not been exactly idle—all night the agents had searched the city for the culprit with the plans.

Jimmy opened his eyes with a start. The morning sunlight was blocked by two threatening figures, towering above

him. Jimmy gulped, and he felt his muscles go limp as the rough hands grabbed him and lifted him to his feet. He hung between them weakly, for a moment. Then, with an unexpected burst of energy, he wrenched himself free from their grasp, and darted back up the steps and into the door that was just being unlocked by the startled watchman. He skidded into the great hall, and bounded up to the door of the Intelligence department. Luckily, it was open. The tense times made it necessary for agents to work overtime, and as Jimmy flew into the room several heads popped up from the codes and books they were working on.

"Here take this before I blow up. I'm loaded with dynamite!", the Yankee Doodle Boy gasped, as he handed over the papers.

That evening the American Kid, Jimmy Jones, was the guest of honor at a turkey dinner, and some of the nation's most important men played host. There were speeches and toasts made that would have swelled the head of many a youngster, but Jimmy wasn't stuffing himself with the praise and glory—he was stuffing himself with turkey and more turkey, and pie and more pie and ice cream and more—well everything that caught the eye of the YANKEE DOODLE BOY!



WONDER BOY

BY
JERRY
MAXWELL

FROM THE VACUOUS DEPTHS OF OUTER SPACE COMES THE STRONGEST BOY OUR PLANET HAS EVER SEEN. WONDER BOY, VESTED WITH THE STRENGTH OF A THOUSAND MEN.

OUT OF THE MYSTERIOUS HEAVENS, SHOOTS A BLAZING METEOR. ITS PATH IS LEADING STRAIGHT TOWARD EARTH.



AMERICAN SCIENTISTS FOLLOW ITS COURSE AND WARN THE NATION TO BE PREPARED FOR THE SHOCK OF ITS IMPACT.



IN THE FAR REACHES OF UPPER MONGOLIA, THE FIERY STREAK ACROSS THE SKY IS WATCHED WITH INTENSE INTEREST.



GO QUICKLY! TELL OUR GENERAL HE WILL KNOW IF THIS IS A GOOD SIGN!

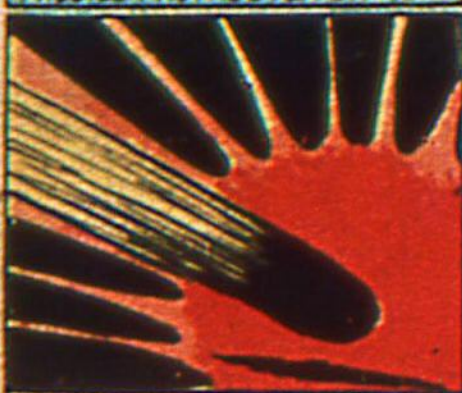


THE MONGOLIAN GENERAL CONSULTS THE HIGH PRIEST.

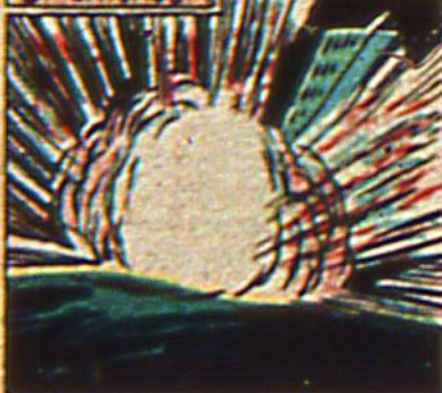
IS IT AN OMEN FROM HEAVEN FOR OUR ARMY TO MARCH?



NEARER AND NEARER TO THE EARTH PLUNGES THE SPEEDING MISSILE FROM OUTER SPACE.

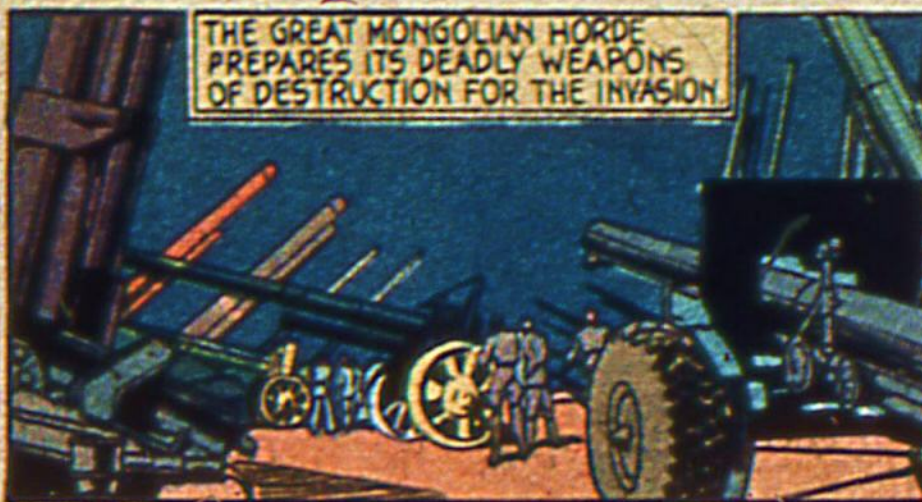
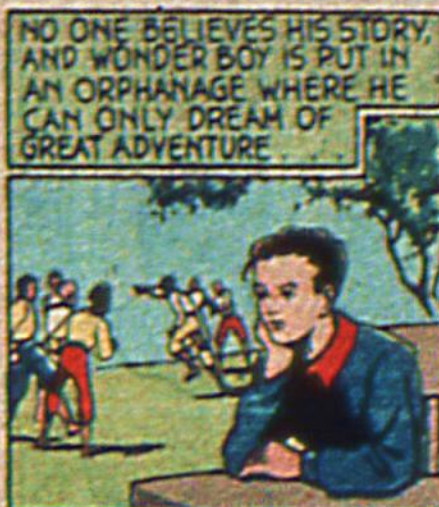


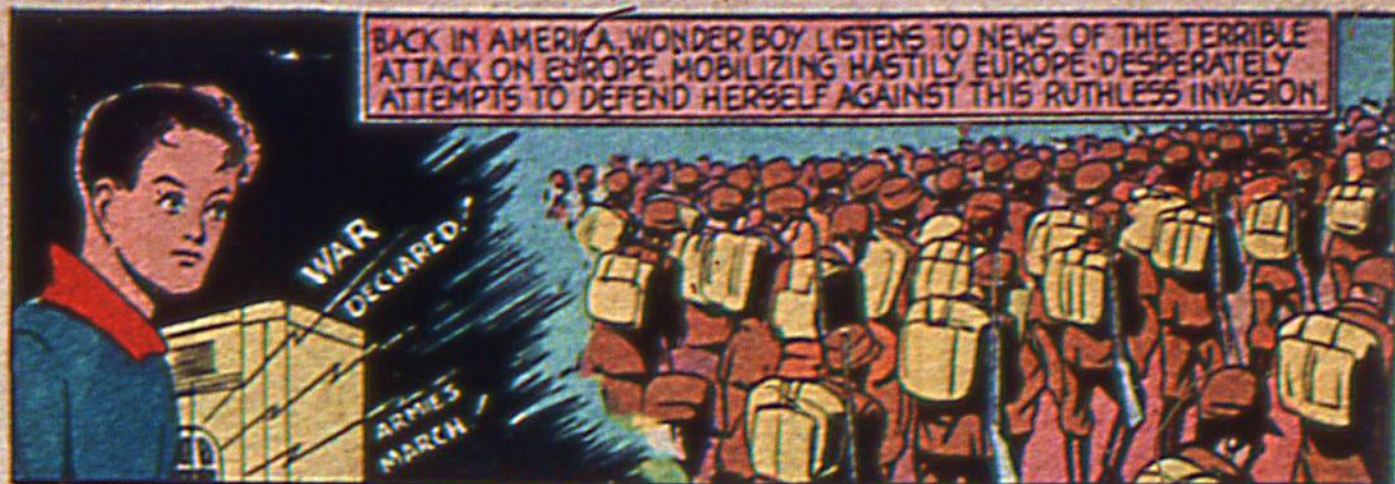
AND CRASHES WITH A TERRIFIC EXPLOSION INTO THE HEART OF CHICAGO.



MANY PEOPLE ARE KILLED, BUT OUT OF THE WRECKAGE, A LITTLE FIGURE EMERGES.







BUT RELENTLESSLY THE WHEELS OF WAR ROLL ON, CRUSHING PEACEFUL LANDS IN THE MARCH OF GREED.



HOW STRANGE FOR PEOPLE TO KILL EACH OTHER LIKE THAT! I'M GOING TO STOP THEM!



WONDER BOY MAKES A STRANGE REQUEST.

I'D LIKE TO GO TO EUROPE FOR AWHILE IF YOU DON'T MIND.

DON'T YOU FEEL WELL?



HA! HA! YOU'VE BEEN READING TOO MANY COMIC MAGAZINES! THEY GIVE YOU FANTASTIC IDEAS!



I DON'T KNOW WHY EVERYBODY LAUGHS AT ME! WE WOULDN'T THINK IT WAS FUNNY ON VIRO. I'LL GO IN SPITE OF THEM!



WONDER BOY QUIETLY LEAVES THE ORPHANAGE AND SLIPS OVER A 20 FOOT WALL UNDER COVER OF NIGHT.



IN NO TIME, HE REACHES THE ATLANTIC COAST AND DIVES INTO THE OPEN SEA.



SPEEDING THROUGH THE WATER LIKE A RACING TORPEDO, WONDER BOY IS BOUND FOR EUROPE'S SHORE.



ACROSS THE ATLANTIC THROUGH THE NORTH AND BALTIC SEAS SWIMS WONDER BOY ON HIS GREAT MISSION.



LIKE THE WINDS, HE SPEEDS OVER EUROPE TO THE SCENE OF THE BATTLE.



SOON HE IS AT THE HEADQUARTERS OF THE WESTERN ARMY.



CAUTIOUSLY WONDER BOY SLIPS THROUGH THE GUARDS AND INTO THE GENERAL'S QUARTERS.



WONDER BOY'S BRILLIANCE AND SINCERITY WINS OVER THE CONFIDENCE OF THE GENERAL STAFF.



HERE LAD, TAKE THESE PAPERS TO THE COMMANDANT AT THE FRONT! YOU'RE SMALL ENOUGH TO GET BY UNNOTICED BY THE ENEMY!



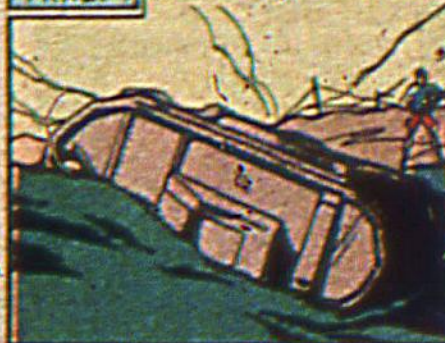
WONDER BOY CAREFULLY READS THE PAPERS AND DECIDES TO REVERSE THE ORDERS OF THIS MESSAGE.



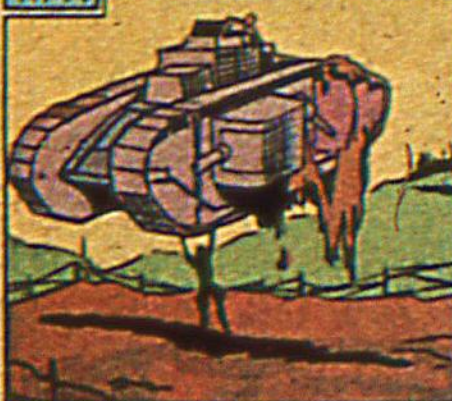
AFTER CHANGING THE ORDER FROM 'RETREAT' TO 'ATTACK', WONDER BOY SPEEDS TO THE FRONT.



IN THE MUD OF 'NO-MAN'S LAND' HE FINDS A TANK HELPLESSLY OVERTURNED IN THE STICKY MIRE.



WITH ALMOST NO EFFORT, HE LIFTS THE TANK AND RIGHTS IT...



I MUST BE SHELL SHOCKED! DID YOU SEE THAT, ALPHONSE A BOY?! A LITTLE CHILD SAVED US!



FEARLESSLY INTO RAGING BATTLE GOES THE ASTOUNDING WONDER BOY, DODGING SHOT AND SHELL ON HIS DANGEROUS MISSIONS.



ARRIVING AT THE FRONT.



LEAVING THE OFFICERS, WONDER BOY SECRETLY HASTENS TO THE CAMP OF THE MONGOLIANS.



AT THE MONGOL CAMP.



HO/HO/ ARE THE GROWNUPS ALL DEAD? THEY SEND A LITTLE BOY TO KILL US! HO/HO/ VERY AMUSING!



TO THEIR SUDDEN ASTONISHMENT, WONDER BOY HAMMERS AWAY AT THEM UNMERCIFULLY.



LEAVING THE BATTLEGROUND STREWN WITH THE UNCONSCIOUS MONGOLIANS, HE GOES TO THEIR ARSENAL.



MIDST EXPLODING SHELLS AND GUN POWDER, WONDER BOY CONTINUES THE TASK OF DESTROYING THE ENEMY'S MILITARY SUPPLIES.



ONE OF THE MONGOLIAN GENERALS SURVIVES, AND GIVES AN ORDER IN A FALTERING VOICE.



HUNDREDS OF ORIENTALS WITH RIFLES READY RUSH IN PURSUIT OF ONE SMALL BOY, WONDER BOY!



STANDING CLEARLY IN THE SUNLIGHT, WONDER BOY MAKES A PERFECT TARGET.



THE GUNS BARK IN UNISON.



MIRACULOUSLY WONDER BOY IS UNHARMED BY THE TERRIFIC BARRAGE. EXCUSE ME—I HAVE AN APPOINTMENT WITH YOUR ENEMY!



THE TRANSFIXED MONGOLIANS MAKE NO MOVE TO STOP HIM. THEY STARE WITH AWE AS HE GOES OVER THE TOP.



SEE YOU LATER!

THE ADVANCING WESTERN ARMY IS AMAZED TO FIND THE BOY AT THE FRONT.



THE WESTERN GUNS ROAR INTO ACTION. THE MONGOLIANS RESIST AND ARE DEFEATED IN QUICK TIME.



COMMANDING THE ATTACK WONDER BOY SEES THE ENEMY SWEEPED BACK.



BACK AT GENERAL HEADQUARTERS.

THE BOY MUST BE SEVERELY PUNISHED FOR REVERSING OUR ORDERS.



A TROOP IS SENT OUT TO STOP THE ADVANCE AND BRING WONDER BOY TO THE AUTHORITIES.



BUT THEY ARE MET BY A VICTORIOUS ARMY, RETURNING HOME.

WE HAVE WON! THANKS TO WONDER BOY! HE BROUGHT US VICTORY!



OVERWHELMING PRAISE AND GRATITUDE, INSTEAD OF PUNISHMENT, GREET WONDER BOY AT ARMY HEADQUARTERS.



ALL EUROPE UNITES IN HONORING YOU AS THE GREATEST HERO OF MODERN TIMES—WONDER BOY, WE, THE MEN OF ALL NATIONS, BOW BEFORE YOUR SUPERIOR QUALITIES!



WONDER BOY WILL AMAZE YOU WITH HIS GREAT FEATS AND COURAGE IN THE NEXT ISSUE OF NATIONAL COMICS



IN PROFESSOR NEBULA'S OBSERVATORY, ATOP THE
TERRESTRIAL STATE BUILDING (THE TALLEST ON EARTH)

THIS IS THE GREATEST FIND IN
ALL HISTORY! I'VE DISCOVERED
A NEW PLANET!

THE GRAND SOLAR
COUNCIL MUST BE INFORMED
AT ONCE, PROFESSOR!



TWO HOURS LATER, IN THE EXECUTIVE COM-
MITTEE ROOM OF THE GRAND SOLAR COUNCIL

WE SHALL GRANT THIS NEW TERRITORY TO
THE PLANET WHOSE FLIER REACHES
IT FIRST!

THEY MUST ALL
START AT A PRE-ARRANGED
TIME!



THE COUNCIL'S RULING IS
BROADCAST TO ALL SPACE



IN THE OFFICES OF THE
EARTH'S PRESIDENT....

CYCLONE, I WANT YOU TO
MAKE THIS FLIGHT IN
BEHALF OF THE EARTH!

I AM
HONORED,
SIR!



MEANWHILE, ON MARS, KING MURDO, THE CONTESTANT, PREPARES TO WIN THE RACE AT ANY COST!

I MUST HAVE THIS NEW LAND! PREPARE THE FLEET AND BE READY TO FOLLOW ME AT MY SIGNAL, WITH OUR TROOPS!

REMEMBER, WE MUST USE FORCE, IF ALL OTHER MEANS FAIL!

THE GRAND COUNCILLOR GIVES THE SIGNAL, WHICH STARTS THE RACE.

ON EARTH, THE ROCKET OF CYCLONE IS GIVEN A GRAND SEND-OFF BY THE POPULACE!

SAY! DID I HEAR SOMETHING? I THOUGHT I WAS ALONE!

WHAT THE?

HELLO! IN CASE YOU DIDN'T KNOW, I'M JOY DAVE... I WOULDN'T MISS THIS TRIP FOR THE WORLD! IT'S THE BLOOD OF MY PIONEER ANCESTORS, I S'POSE!

IT'S TOO LATE TO TAKE YOU BACK!



REALIZING HE'S LOSING THE RACE, MURDO RADIOS FOR HIS FLEET.



HIS FLEET LEAVES MARS AT TOP SPEED!



CYCLONE LANDS ON A REFUELLING ASTEROID, THE LAST OUTPOST OF THE SOLAR SYSTEM.



HERE COMES THE MARS SHIP. I'M GOING OVER AND GET A LOOK AT HIS ROCKET!

AH! A BEAUTY FROM THAT EARTH SHIP! I'LL TAKE HER WITH ME... SHE MAY PROVE A VALUABLE HOSTAGE!

NEVER MIND THE EARTHLING... I WILL WIN, AND YOU SHALL BE QUEEN OF THE NEW PLANET!

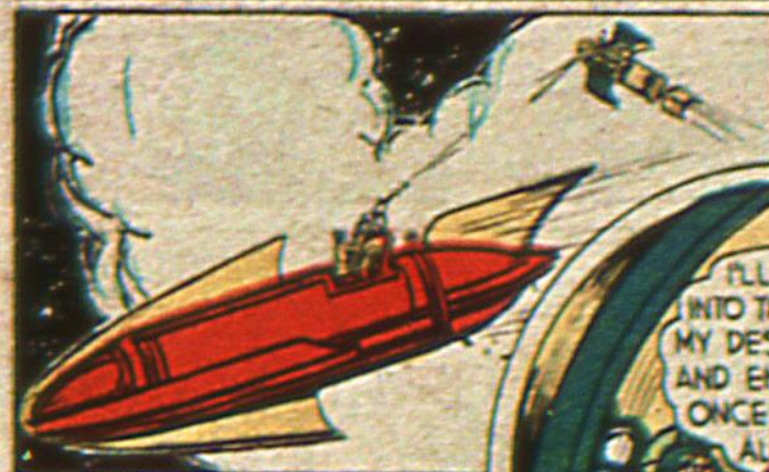
HELP, CYCLONE!!



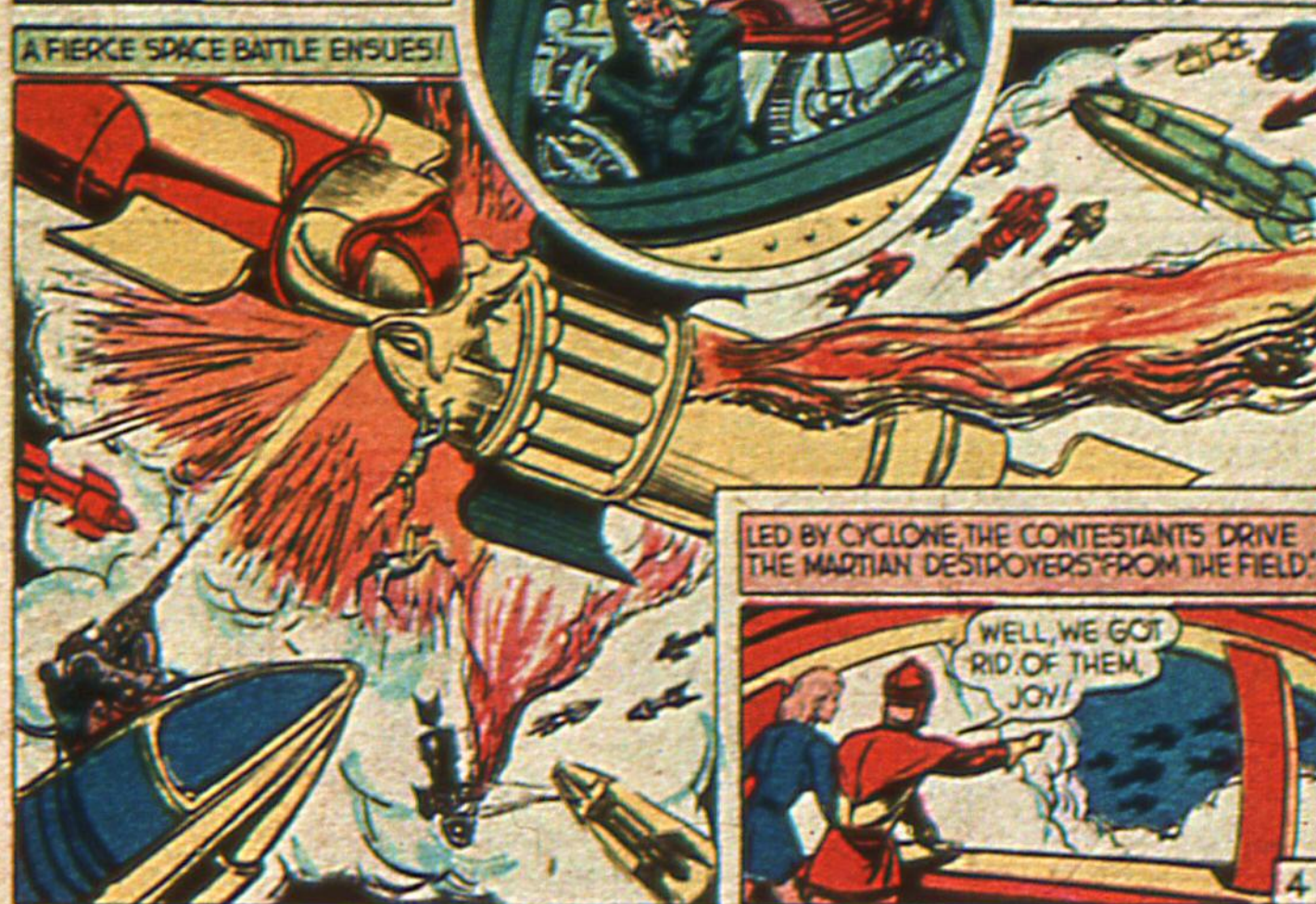


THUS, ATTACKED BY MURDO, CYCLONE IS FORCED TO
RETURN THE MARTIAN'S FIRE.

THE OTHER CONTESTANTS, SENSING FOUL
PLAY, DRIVE MURDO FROM THE RACE.



A FIERCE SPACE BATTLE ENSUES!



LED BY CYCLONE, THE CONTESTANTS DRIVE
THE MARTIAN DESTROYERS FROM THE FIELD.

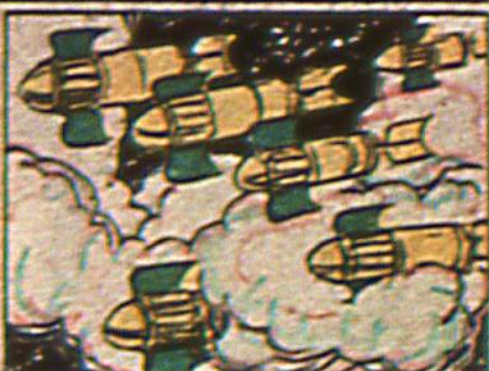


BUT THE BEATEN MARTIAN FLEET DOES NOT RETURN TO MARS, INSTEAD IT WAITS . . .

RETIRE INTO THE STRATOSPHERE,
AND AWAIT MY ORDERS
THERE! WHEN THE
RACE ENDS . . .



I'LL LET ALL THE OTHER
CONTESTANTS GET
THERE—THEN I'LL
ATTACK!



MEANWHILE, CYCLONE LEADS THE RACE TO THE PLANET VITO.



WE WIN JOY . . . NOW TO PLANT
THE EARTH'S
FLAG!



CYCLONE'S RIVALS LAND AND, AFTER CONGRATULATIONS
ARE GIVEN, OFFER TO HELP REGISTER EARTH'S CLAIM!



GENTLEMEN, WE WILL
BUILD A RADIO STATION
ON THAT BLUFF AND
AS SOON AS IT IS
COMPLETED, WE'LL
NOTIFY THE GRAND
SOLAR COUNCIL!



WHILE THE STATION GOES UP,
MURDO LANDS, UNSEEN. . . .

TONIGHT, WHEN THEIR WORK IS
THROUGH, I'LL GET THERE AND
REPORT THIS PLANET FIRST—
THEN IT SHALL BE MINE!





BUT THE CRACKLE OF THE RADIO AWAKENS OUR FRIEND IN HIS TENT NEARBY.



CYCLONE REACHES THE RADIO BEFORE THE VILLAINOUS MURDO CAN CONTACT HIS ARMADA...



THE GRAND SOLAR COUNCIL JOYFULLY RECEIVES THE MESSAGE...



THE NEWS REACHES THE PEOPLE.



WELL, JOY THERE'S YOUR NEW HOME. I HOPE YOU'LL LIKE IT!



SOON A FLEET OF ROCKETS SETS OFF WITH PIONEERS FOR VITO.




ANOTHER THRILLING ADVENTURE WITH CYCLONE IN THE NEXT ISSUE OF **NATIONAL COMICS**

66

PEN MILLER

The Cartoonist Detective



PEN MILLER, FAMOUS COMIC MAGAZINE CARTOONIST, IS ALSO AN AMATEUR DETECTIVE OF WIDE REPUTATION... HAVING PLACED SUCH NOTORIOUS KILLERS AS "NOKKY" RYAN, "GOUGE" CAHILL, ETC., BEHIND BARS, HE IS FEARED BUT RESPECTED BY THE UNDERWORLD...

SINCE EVEN DETECTIVES MUST EAT, PEN IS BUSY AT HIS BOARD, TRYING TO MEET A "DEADLINE"...

GOSH... THE MAGAZINE GOES TO PRESS NEXT WEEK AND HERE AM I WITHOUT A GERM OF AN IDEA! LET'S SEE... THE CASE OF "THE RED FROG"... AND "LENNIE THE LOU"... "THE CREEPING IVY"...



NOPE, I'VE USED ALL THOSE...



WAIT A MINUTE... HERE IT COMES!



AH... I'VE GOT IT! OH, NIKI! NIKI!!



YOU CALLED, MIST' MILLER? HOW'S THIS PLOT? ... A CORPSE FOUND IN A FAMOUS DETECTIVE'S BEDROOM... THE DETECTIVE HIMSELF IS SUSPECTED, AND ARRESTED...



VELLY SOLLY... IS NOT ORIGINAL!

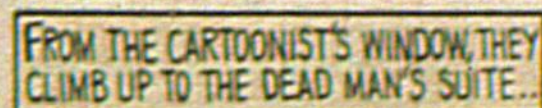
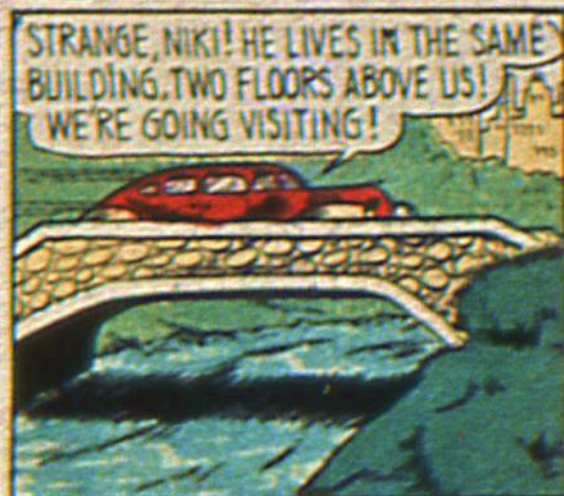
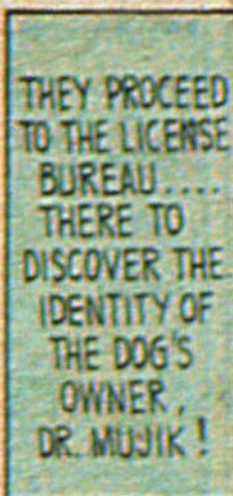
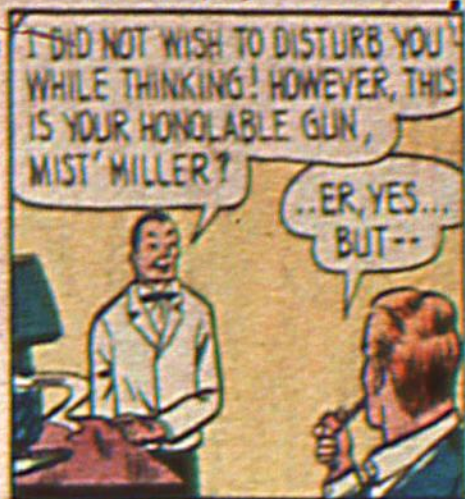
NOT ORIGINAL?



NO... IT HAS ALREADY HAPPENED. HONOLABLE CORPSE LIES IN YOUR BEDROOM AT PLESENT!

WHAT!?







HM... A DUMMY BOOK! TWO TO ONE... IT OPENS A SECRET DOOR!



HE JIGGLES THE BOOK... AND THE BOOKCASE SWINGS AJAR!



I KEEP HONOLABLE PAPER KNIFE AS TOKEN...



LOOKS LIKE HE WENT THROUGH THERE...



BLIND ALLEY!

NO, NIKI... A FREIGHT ELEVATOR SHAFT!



THE DOOR SNAPS SHUT BEHIND THEM!

TRAPPED!

TCH, TCH... MIST' MILLER, WE BEHAVE LIKE SUCKERS!



AN EERIE WHINE ASSAILS THEIR EARS, AS THE PONDEROUS ELEVATOR SLOWLY DESCENDS TO CRUSH THEM.....



THAT KNIFE HAS A RUBBER HANDLE... GIVE IT HERE, QUICK!



MILLER PLUNGES IT INTO THE ELECTRIC SOCKET... A SHORT CIRCUIT... THE ELEVATOR STOPS!



THEY CRAWL TO THE DOOR... THE DETECTIVE REMOVES THE BOTTOM HINGE...



AND WITH A MIGHTY KICK, SENDS THE DOOR FROM ITS JOINTS!



I SEE YOU HAVE THE REST OF THE MONEY, ME LADS!

UPSTAIRS.
PEN CATCHES THEM
RED-HANDED.

BUT GRIGOR SENDS THE HEAVY BOOKCASE CRASHING AGAINST MILLER. HE IS LOCKED TIGHT!

NO GUNPLAY,
SONNY!

DON'T COME SO CLOSE, I HAVE DANDRUFF!

SUMMONING ALL HIS STRENGTH, THE HUSKY CARTOONIST PUSHES THE BOOKCASE FREE!

SOON, THE POLICE ARRIVE, IN RESPONSE TO MILLER'S PHONE CALL...

I PROTEST! THERE IS NO MURDER EVIDENCE AGAINST ME!

YOU SEE, THE VICTIM'S DOG HAD RABIES.. THE DOG BIT THE MURDERER! WHOEVER THAT MAN IS...

...HE NEEDS MEDICAL ATTENTION OR HE'LL DIE A HORRIBLE DEATH!

WH-AT!!

YES, I DID IT - I DID IT! GET ME A DOCTOR! I DON'T WANT TO DIE OF THE RABIES!!

GOOD WORK, MILLER!

CALM DOWN, MR. GRIGOR, I WAS ONLY KIDDING.. THAT DOG IS HEALTHIER THAN YOU ARE!

HECK! I FORGOT NIKI! HEY THERE, YOU LITTLE GOBLIN!

PLEASE TO NOT DISTURB.. I CONTEMPLATE! TRY TO THINK OF HONOLABLE PLOT FOR NEXT COMIC STIP!!

* PEN MILLER IN ANOTHER EXCITING CASE IN THE NEXT ISSUE OF NATIONAL COMICS.

PAUL BUNYAN

PAUL BUNYAN, A LEGENDARY LUMBER-JACK, WHO IS KNOWN OR HAS BEEN HEARD OF BY PRACTICALLY ALL OF THE TIMBER MEN THROUGHOUT THE WORLD, WAS BORN OF ORDINARY PARENTS IN A SMALL LOGGING VILLAGE IN MAINE, BUT GREW TO BE TEN FEET TALL, WITH SUPER-STRENGTH. HE WAS ALSO POSSESSED WITH GREAT SPEED. PAUL HAS A GREAT BLUE OX NAMED BABE, WHO, LIKE HIMSELF, HAS SUPER QUALITIES. TOGETHER, THEY WORKED IN LOGGING CAMPS.....



HYA FOLKS!
AN THIS
IS MY PET
BABE, THE
BLUE OX!

HERM. BOLSTEIN
JOHN CELARDO

WITH THE L & M LOGGING CO. PULLING STAKES AND HEADING WEST, PAUL SEEKS A JOB WITH THE NORTH AMERICAN TIMBER CO. ...



WELL, SON, YOU
LOOK BIG ENOUGH.
HOW ARE YOU WITH
THE AXE?

I DON'T USE AN
AXE, SIR! I PULL
'EM DOWN LIKE
THIS...



WELL, I'LL BE! SAY
WHAT'S YOUR NAME,
PAUL BUNYAN?

THAT'S RIGHT.



GOLLY, THAT OX YOU
GOT THERE IS AS BIG
AS AN ELEPHANT!

HE CAN HAUL
A WHOLE TRACT
OF TIMBER IN
ONE TRIP.



YOU'RE JUST THE
GUY I CAN USE,
PAUL. WE'VE
BEEN 'HAVIN'
TROUBLE WITH
A RIVAL OUTFIT—
AN THEY'RE BUYIN'
OFF MY MEN.



PAUL ARRIVES IN TIME TO SEE THE N.A. TIMBERMEN SCATTER IN RETREAT...



THE MEN SHOUT A WARNING TO PAUL THAT AN AVALANCHE HAS BEEN STARTED.



PAUL AND BABE MOVE JUST IN TIME, FOR THE BOULDERS WERE RUMBLING DOWN UPON THEM.....



PAUL AND BABE GO INTO ACTION, KNOCKING DOWN TREES AND PILING THEM UP TO STOP THE AVALANCHE.



PAUL THROWS THE TREES SO THAT THEY FORM A STOP AND PILE UP THE FALLING MISSILES...



THE JOB IS FINALLY COMPLETED...



THE MEN ARE AMAZED BY THE FEATS PERFORMED BY PAUL, BUT THOSE WHO HAVE HEARD OF HIM ARE NOT SURPRISED.



THAT EVENING THE BOSS TALKS TO HIS MEN IN THE LODGE HOUSE...

THOSE OF YOU WHO STAY WILL GET A BONUS. WE'VE GOT TO CLEAR THAT VALLEY IN A WEEK OR FORFEIT THE CONTRACT.



WITH PAUL AND THE BLUE OX, THE MEN ARE MAKING GREAT PROGRESS.



MEANWHILE, MURDEROUS SCHEMING IS GOING ON AT THE OTHER CAMP...

WE MUST STOP 'EM, EVEN IF WE HAVE TO BLOW UP THE DAM AND WASH OUT THE VALLEY!



BUT, BOSS, ALL THE PEOPLE LIVING IN THE VALLEY WILL DROWN!

WHAT OF IT? WE'VE GOT TO PUT THAT COMPANY ON THE SKIDS.



WELL I'M QUITTING! I AIN'T KILLIN' NO INNOCENT PEOPLE... OHHH.

TAKE THIS, QUITTER!



ANYBODY ELSE WANNA QUIT? ALL RIGHT, NOW THAT WE UNDERSTAND EACH OTHER, WE'LL PLANT THE DYNAMITE TOMORROW!



THE ABUSED LOGGER PACKS UP AND LEAVES IN THE DIRECTION OF THE NORTH AMERICAN TIMBER CO.



REACHING THERE, HE EXPLAINS THE SITUATION.

SO THAT'S HIS SCHEME - O.K., WE WILL BE READY FOR HIM!



THAT MORNING, A BAND OF ARMED LOGGERS, LED BY PAUL AND BABE, HEAD TOWARD THE VALLEY.



JUST AS THEY NEAR THE DAM, A TERRIFIC EXPLOSION IS HEARD, AND PAUL WITH BABE RUSHES AHEAD.



PAUL TELLS HIS BLUE OX TO HOLD BACK THE SPLIT DAM.



THEN PAUL GOES TO WORK.



TREE AFTER TREE IS THROWN BEHIND THE DAM, RELIEVING SOME OF THE PRESSURE ON BABE.



BABE PLACES THE TREES IN ORDER.



MEANWHILE, A TERRIFIC FIGHT IS TAKING PLACE AT THE TOP OF THE DAM BETWEEN THE RIVAL TIMBER COMPANIES.



AFTER PAUL AND BABE PATCH UP THE DAM THEY GO TO AID THEIR COMRADES.



THE ENEMY SCATTERS IN WILD
CONFUSION WHEN PAUL AND BABE APPEAR



INSTEAD OF GIVING CHASE, PAUL, THE
OX, AND LOGGERS HEAD BACK TO CAMP.



MEANWHILE AT THE ENEMY CAMP...



YOU DOPES CAN FACE
THE CONSEQUENCES!
SO LONG, SUCKERS!



SPEEDING RECKLESSLY ALONG THE
MOUNTAIN PASSES, THE TIMBER
THIEF DESPERATELY HEADS FOR SAFETY.



BUT NEWS OF THE TIMBER THIEF'S
ATTEMPT TO ESCAPE, REACHES PAUL'S
CAMP. HE MOUNTS BABE TO GIVE
CHASE...



PAUL AND BABE TRAVEL AT AN
'UNBELIEVABLE PACE'...



THEY SPOT THE CAR TEARING ALONG
A MOUNTAIN PASS AND CUT
ACROSS THE MOUNTAIN TO HEAD
IT OFF...



HE CHARGES DOWN THE MOUNTAIN-
SIDE INTO THE PATH OF THE CAR.





A SICKENING THUD FILLS THE AIR AS THE TWO OBJECTS MEET.



THE CAR BOUNCES OFF THE UP-HEAVED CHEST OF PAUL....



WITH THE JOB COMPLETED, PAUL RIDES BACK TO CAMP AND IS GREETED BY THE ENTIRE OUTFIT.



THE NEXT DAY THE LOGGERS CLEAR THE VALLEY OF TIMBER, THEREBY FILLING THE CONTRACTS AND EARNING THEIR BONUSES.

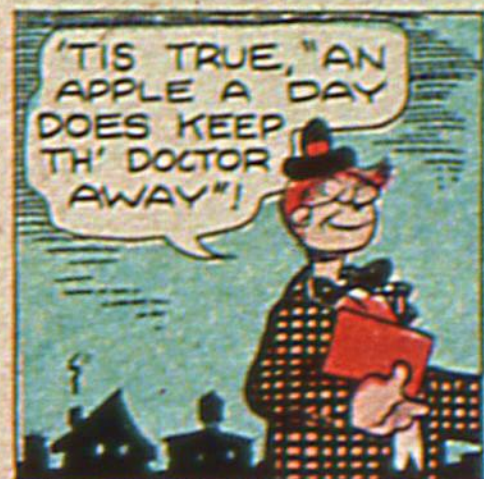
WELL, FELLA'S, WE'RE SHOVIN' NORTH INTO THE WILD COUNTRY. I BOUGHT A BIG TRACT OF TIMBER, AND PAUL BUNYAN HAS BEEN PROMOTED TO CHIEF FOREMAN.

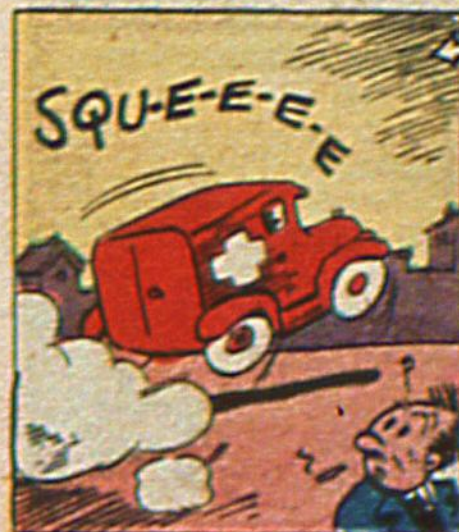
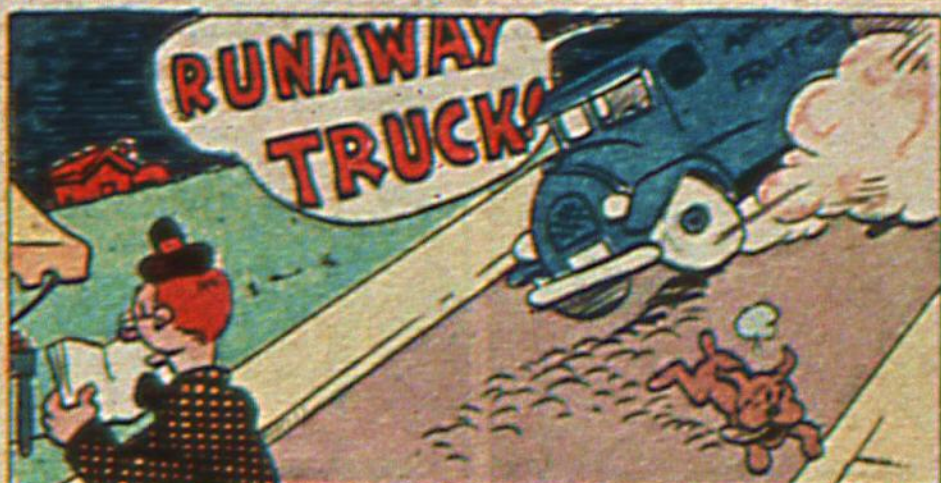


How To Talk Like A Real Lumber Jock.

PULLIN' STAKES - LEAVING OR MOVING CAMP
TIMBER - WARNING OF A FALLING TREE
FLUNKY - A WAITER ONE WHO SERVES
MORE NEXT MONTH!







KID PATROL



TEDDY, THE LEADER OF THIS GANG, PROTECTS THEM FROM THE BULLIES OF WATERFRONT.

GEORGE WASHINGTON ABRAHAM LINCOLN JONES, NICKNAMED 'SUNSHINE' BECAUSE OF HIS PERMANENT GRIN.

'SPUNKY' THOUGH HANDICAPPED BY A PARALYZED LEG, IS AS ACTIVE AS THE REST...

PAT MALONE, A GOOD-NATURED COP FRIEND AND GUIDE TO THE KIDS, LOVED BY EVERY MEMBER.

SUZY THE ONLY GIRL IN THE GANG, FOLLOWS THEM ON ALL THEIR EXCITING ADVENTURES.

PORKY, A LAD WITH AN ENORMOUS APPETITE AND A CHEERFUL DISPOSITION.

BY
DAN WILSON

WE FIND THE YOUNGSTERS BUSILY AT WORK.....



THEY'RE BUILDING A CLUBHOUSE AND ARE THEY HAPPY!



NEXT DAY AS PAT MALONE IS MAKING THE ROUNDS OF HIS ASSIGNED POST.....



GEE, NO, PAT, IT'S NOTHING LIKE THAT!



OUR CLUBHOUSE! IT'S BEEN BURN'T DOWN! DOWN TO THE GROUND!





UNDER THE BRIDGE, NEAR WATERFRONT STREET, THE GANG GATHERS.



HERE COMES SUNSHINE-HE SURE IS IN A HURRY! BOY!

SUNSHINE FLASHES INTO THEIR MIDST AND COMES TO A QUICK HALT.



HERE AH IS! WHOA!



I'VE FOUND DE CAR, TEDDY!! C'MON, GANG!

GOOD WORK, SUNSHINE!

TEDDY GIVES QUICK ORDERS.



GO FIND PAT, SPUNKY, AND TELL HIM ABOUT THIS!

O.K., TEDDY!



WE'RE JUST IN TIME, THEY'RE PULLING AWAY!

LET'S GO!

ONE OB DEM FELLOWS SHO GOT A MEAN FOOT!



PAT SAID NEVER TO STEAL A HITCH, BUT IT'S THE ONLY WAY WE CAN FIND OUT WHERE THEY'RE GOIN'!



GRAB MY HAND, PORKY, HURRY!

I'LL (PUFF) MAKE IT! (PUFF PUFF)

WHEN PORKY HAS REACHED THE CAR, TEDDY IMMEDIATELY PUTS HIS PLAN IN EFFECT!



SPUNKY, HOBBLING FRANTICALLY THROUGH THE STREETS, FINALLY FINDS PAT.



HEY, PAT!

HUH? OH, IT'S YOU, SPUNKY!



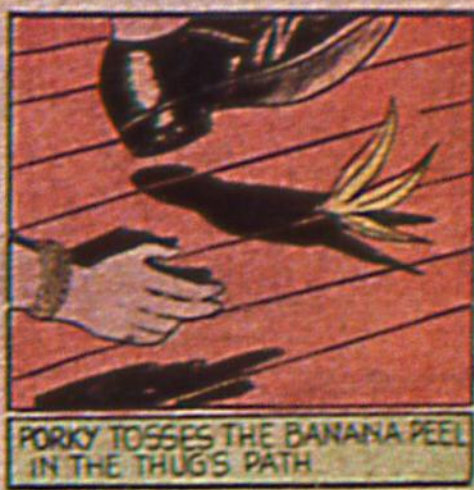
WHAT'S WRONG, SPUNKY?

WE'VE FOUND THE GANGSTERS AND TEDDY HAS LEFT A TRAIL FROM THEIR CAR FOR US TO FOLLOW!

THE GANGSTERS ARRIVE AT THEIR SECLUDED HIDEOUT WITH THE GANG ON THE REAR OF THEIR CAR.







DON'T MISS THE NEXT KID PATROL ADVENTURE

INTRODUCING A HIT!

JAMMED
FULL OF
NEW
EXCITING
FEATURES

10¢

AT
ALL
STANDS

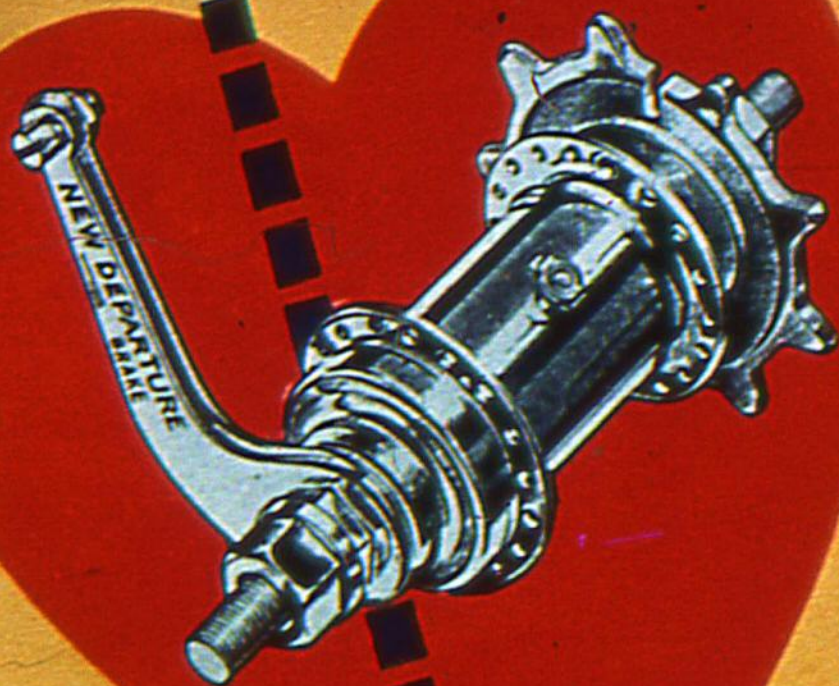


LOOK
FOR
THIS
COVER

HERCULES
STRANGE TWINS
THE RED BEE
NEON, The Unknown
X-5—Secret Agent

BLAZE BARTON
CASEY JONES
BOB and SWAB
JACK and JILL

THE HEART OF THE BICYCLE



NEW DEPARTURE

Coaster Brake in the Rear Hub

This better brake is certain in its braking action always — hot or cold, wet or dry. Lightest weight — greatest braking power — gives smoother, quicker stops. Be sure your bicycle has a genuine NEW DEPARTURE Coaster Brake in the rear hub. The genuine costs no more!



LOOK ON THE HUBS OF YOUR BICYCLE FOR THE NAME NEW DEPARTURE...MOST FAMOUS NAME IN BICYCLING